

THE NOTRE-DAME-SCHOLASTIC

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In Memoriam.*

THE aster's purple flame lights yellow leaves
And brown, where'er October giftless grieves;
To Southward all the songs of May are fled,
And cornless stand the shocks of winnowed sheaves.

Snow-burial comes when sad November weeps,
The short gray day to mournful sunset creeps;
But trumps of March will call the quiet dead,
And resurrection wake the rose that sleeps.

Be mindful, ye that mourn,—she is not dead;
Her hands in rest are folden, her weary head
Lies glad upon the Breast that held Saint John,
Till ye meet in Spring, and grief be banished.

Hamlet.

PATRICK E. REARDON, '97.

If Shakspere were to rise from his grave and become as great a critic as he was a poet, I doubt if he could write a satisfactory dissertation on Hamlet. So subtle is this character that it cannot be treated successfully in prose; so ideal and yet so real is his life that it must needs find expression in poetry.

Shakspere has given us in Hamlet a character that no man ever has understood and, perhaps, ever will understand thoroughly. The numerous subtleties of Ophelia's lover will baffle the minds of students. Each reader must form his own opinion about the character, and solve the question of manhood to his own satisfaction. No one will ever clearly understand Hamlet.

The beauty of such a creation lies in its vagueness. "The obscurity itself is a vital part

of the work of art which deals not with a problem, but with real life. In the history of a soul which moved through shadowy border-lands between the night and day, there is much (as in many a life that is real) to elude and baffle inquiry." The deeper one probes into the character of Hamlet, the more obscure and puzzling it becomes. His intellect is so vast that we cannot comprehend it in a lifetime. He stands in all the lights and shadows of a world, flying from one to the other, never at rest, never constant. Our opinions of him are as changeable as the western fires at sunset. "Our imagination is excited by it as by the contemplation of a mystic and enigmatical character in real life, which we know to be a reality, whose actions we feel must have sufficient cause, but whose secret springs of action—'the fountain from which its current runs,'—lie too deep for discovery." Hamlet is as dear to us as any of our dearest friends. He lives, thinks, and talks to us; he is our faithful companion if we once form his acquaintance. He is as real to us as any of our "mystic or enigmatical friends;" yet, like them, the secret springs of his actions "lie too deep for discovery."

When Hamlet is first introduced to us, his father has been dead for two months; and Claudius, his uncle, has ascended the throne of Denmark. Hamlet's mind is in a peevish condition, and mere contact with others irritates him. He cannot look upon the world and enjoy it as he once did. Everything is to his mind a deception. He lives only in the possible, and finds no consolation except in his own thoughts. His time is passed in mourning for his father, who, as he says, "was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again." A father's death, however, was not the greatest grief of Hamlet. He would have been able to bear this loss, had he

* Mrs. Mary Murphy, who died Sept. 6, 1897.

received the consolation that he naturally expected from his mother; but no: she had in the short flight of a few days forgotten her former husband, and married Claudius "ere those shoes were old with which she followed Hamlet's father to the grave." This is what especially grieves the tender nature of Hamlet. He looked for maternal consolation; but this sympathy has been refused to him. His mother has bestowed her favor and consolation on a man of low character and selfish ambition. Hamlet feels this neglect,—this insult in a mother—and goes about the court shadowing all his surroundings with the gloom of despondency. His all-absorbing topic is death; he longs to die, to sleep, to be resolved into dew. He is lost in the thought of eternity, of his father's death, of the shameful conduct of his mother, and of the incestuous king:

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two."

Such is the condition of Hamlet's mind when Horatio and Marcellus come to tell him of the apparition. He knows only of his father's death, and his mother's dishonor, yet he is haunted with suspicions of foul play. He listens attentively to the two friends, and, learning that his father's spirit has been seen by them, he decides to watch with them "upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve." Horatio and Marcellus depart, and immediately suspicions of foul play come again to Hamlet's mind.

"My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play; would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."

The night is cold, and Hamlet, with his two companions, awaits the spectre. Hamlet is not long on the platform when he forgets his surroundings and is lost in thought. The ghost appears, and he is not aware of it until Horatio says: "Look, my lord, it comes!" A terror seizes him, but it is only momentary. His courage is soon aroused, and he ventures to speak to the spectre:

"I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father: royal Dane, O answer me!"

It beckons him to follow, and Hamlet, anxious to learn the mission of the spirit, leaves his

companions and follows the spectre through shadowy places to another part of the platform.

The ghost that appears to Hamlet is not a mere mental conception like the apparition of the dagger to Macbeth. The ghost in Hamlet is objective, and is seen by Horatio and Marcellus. It is a real ghost, produced before several witnesses who see it even as does Hamlet. The action of the whole play depends on son and father. Hamlet is the central figure, and holds our attention throughout the play; yet in seeing him we never forget the ghost, although it appears but three times during the action. It is ever present with Hamlet; and where we see the one we instinctively look for the other.

The true story of Claudius is heard from the ghost; Hamlet learns that his uncle has not only committed the sin of incest, but also the crime of fratricide. He is asked by the spectre to revenge this foul and most unnatural murder. We cannot imagine the effect that such an injunction would have on Hamlet's wavering nature. He has passed the greater part of his life in an university, in contemplation, not in action. He has had always a hatred of crime, of sin of any kind; and now he has been commanded by his father's spirit to be an avenger, to do an act that goes against his very nature. He is unprepared for the task placed upon his shoulders; yet he promises to remember the ghost and his injunction so long as memory holds a seat in his bewildered self:

"Remember thee!
Ay, from the tablet of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All sows of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter; yes, by Heaven!"

He will forget all pleasures of youth; he will forget Ophelia with whom he is in love; he will forget even his own existence, and live only to revenge his father. To do this without arousing the suspicions of the court, he resolves to feign insanity.

This method, which Hamlet follows in order to accomplish his deed, and yet not taint his soul, has been the subject of much criticism. The question is often asked: "Is Hamlet really mad, and if not why does he feign madness?" In my opinion, Hamlet is not mad in the sense that Lear is mad. He is perfectly sound in his sensitive organs and in all the workings of his intellect. He is master of himself and of all his actions. When he is with Horatio he is sane; but as soon as he meets with Polonius,

he feigns madness, and does it with so much skill that we can scarcely see the deception. He has perfect control over his will; in my opinion, there is not a faculty in him that is not highly developed. The mere fact that he can put the madness off or take it on, just as it pleases his purpose, is sufficient proof against the reality of his insanity.

The critics censure him for feigning madness on the grounds that, by so doing, he accomplishes nothing. But the critics err. Hamlet, by the method which he follows, brings about all that he desires. It is impossible for him to follow either of the two methods prescribed by the critics. He cannot muster an army, because Claudius' subjects are loyal to their king and know nothing of his crimes. They love him and consider his person as sacred. By following the other method, Hamlet would be going directly against the injunction of the ghost,—“Taint not thy mind.” Mr. Hudson, writing on Hamlet's method of revenge, says:

“Hamlet is called upon to revenge a crime which is altogether unproved, and which, from the nature of the case, is utterly *unprovable*, except from the criminal's own mouth. Apart from this source, he has not, and cannot get, a particle of evidence available for impressing upon the world wherein he lives a judicial or even a moral conviction of the king's guilt. This is just the cardinal point in Hamlet's case. So that, matters standing thus, killing Claudius would be, not so much a punishment of the guilty as a murder of the proof. As the only possible evidence is to come from Claudius himself, he must by all means be kept alive till he can be made his own accuser, and a witness against himself; or, rather, till either his conscience shall drive him to 'proclaim his malefactions,' or else his guilt, to barricade its safety, shall thrust him upon other crimes so monstrous and so evident that all shall see him as he is, and acknowledge his punishment just. Meanwhile Hamlet must, above all things, refrain from the avenging stroke, must strain his powers to the utmost; if need be, to the end. That he does thus hold himself back from the deed which his burning passion for justice and his righteous thirst for vengeance are continually urging him,—in all this I must still think he displays an almost superhuman degree of that very thing which he is alleged to be without.”

Hamlet's intention is to prick the conscience of the king that the latter may confess his crime and abandon the throne of Denmark.

In order to do this, he feigns madness; arousing the suspicion of the king, but not of the court. Claudius alone doubts Hamlet's madness. He fears the young prince, and prepares for any treachery that might follow from his feigned actions. The one must overthrow the other; it is a battle between uncle and nephew.

After Hamlet has produced the play, in which the manner of his father's death is shown before the king, Claudius, full of remorse for his sins and conscious that Hamlet knows of his crime, retires to the chapel to pray; but the prayers that come from lips only and in the midst of distraction are fruitless. His conscience is burdened to the utmost; the hideousness of his crime hangs upon his soul like a sickening dream; his better self longs for the peace and quiet of an infinite world:

“O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well.”

He bends his guilty knees and tries to pray; but his thoughts are worldly: they never soar beyond the things of this earth to break through the material veil and reach the One that forgives the repentant sinner, and allays the pangs of remorse in mercy and love.

In this scene Hamlet shows his wonderful will-power, his great courage, by hesitating the temptation to assassinate the miserable king. He has every chance to revenge his father's murder; and, in my opinion, he would be fully justified in killing the king without further thought; but Hamlet's thirst for revenge would not be compensated if he killed the king while praying. He wishes to carry his revenge beyond the grave—to send Claudius to his Maker when he is steeped in sin. This thirst for revenge, so powerful and diabolical, keeps Hamlet from killing the incestuous monarch.

The fight between the uncle and nephew becomes more intense, and the action hastens to a close. When Hamlet has subdued his will, he seeks the accomplishment of his plan. Polonius is killed while seeking to discover whether the young prince is really mad, or whether he is planning to overthrow Claudius. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are sent to their fate. Laertes is slain with the poisoned sword intended for Hamlet, and the Queen drinks the poison brewed by Claudius for her son. Hamlet himself is wounded; already the deadly poison is hastening through his system; he sees the treacherous king on the throne and

his father's death unavenged. With one last effort, Hamlet sends the king, steeped in sin, as was his intention, to his Maker. His revenge is complete, and the injunction of the ghost fulfilled. His noble spirit, struggling to live to tell the story of its life, speaks to Horatio, and beseeches him to "absent from felicity awhile," to clear away the riddle of his life:

"O God, Horatio, what a wounded name;
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story."

Thus Hamlet dies, wishing that the true story of his stormy life be made known to the people of Denmark. Thus the greatest creation of Shakspere's genius departs from this world to seek justice in the next.

The Afzkar Flower-pots.

FRANK W. O'MALLEY, '99.

(With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

Eenie, meenie, mynie, mo.
Catch a nigger by the toe;
If he hollers let him go;
Eenie, meenie, mynie, mo—NATIVE PROVERB.

Everyone had gone up to Simla, and I felt deserted. The spring had just died; so all that could get away went to the Hills,—all but Tommy Atkins. He drank toasts to the Queen and quivered with ague, while his brothers in civilian's clothes swore softly when they thought of the tiresome journey before them. They made the long, hot trip, nevertheless. Cholera and the fear of divine judgment will make any man do distasteful things.

So there was a lull in the dances, the rides, the sing-songs and even in the club. Mulvaney was with us, however, and I felt relieved; for I knew from experience that an hour with him was worth a dozen sing-songs.

"You remember, Jack," he was saying, as I came up to the group of three, "thim days we was chasin' black divils up Afzkar way. Eyah! bloody, sneakin', crawlin' scuts they was—the crame av disruption."

"Hi knowed one bloomin' Hirishman that run from the beggars," Ortheris interrupted; but Mulvaney passed over this in silent contempt.

"You see, sorr," Mulvaney continued, "fwhat wid murtherin' an' sheep stealin', the Afzkars was the occasion of somè shlight inconveniencie, an' my rig'mint was sint to remonstrat-

wid thim. The first day we was in Afzkar ould Yar Baksh, their leadher,—the biggest divil on earth or off,—acted ungentlemanly, an' wid the help av God an' a bay'nit we removed him. Thim that saw ut tould the noos, as soon as they reached the row av camp fires along the fut-hills, an' 'twas not over har-r-d t' see that things wud happen befoor long.

"Begad, sorr, they happened. We met them the next mornin' on a plain av boilin' sand. They was over-anxious, an' we resinted ut; so fwhat wid the blood on the sand; an' the sun boilin' the blood, an' the cursin' in Afzkar an' English, things was uncomfortable. Whin we first come together we was crowded a thrifle, an' befoor long the blood an' the sweat made the sand shlippery. Whin a man didn't have his fut on the sand he had it on an Afzkar, an' so many a brave bhoy losht his fut-hold,—God rest their soul!

"Well, this pushin' an' shtickin' an' slashin' kep' up for a fwhile, an' thin we was eased a bit. Whin things was more subdood, Oi run an Afzkar through the belly-band, an' moved out a fut t' woipe the sweat from my oyes. In a minit three grinnin' divils stud betune me an' safety, an'—God forgive me!—Oi run across the sand, wishful to make a detoor an' thin get back t' the rig'mint. Not a man in the a-r-r-my cud run wid me in thim days, but thim Afzkars was fast, too. Well, sorr, t' make a long story short, whin Oi saw they was gainin', Oi turned suddint-like, grabbed the first hairy scut by his two ears, shoved him feet-foremost down in the sand t' his chin; thin the second an' thin the third. Fwhat else cud Oi do! Eyah! Thim was the days, thim was the days!"

The few minutes silence that followed was broken by Ortheris. "Never told you, Mulvaney," he said, "'bout the time Hi passed that spot month'r so after? A lumberin' Afzkar fam'ly was camped right where you run, an' the little black brats 'ad sawred orf the tops o' them three skulls that was stickin' out o' the sand, an' was a-usin' of 'em for flower-pots. Plants was a-growin' in 'em, an' s'elp me Gawd, every flower was *black*!"

Mulvaney looked wearily across the paraderound, a pained, defeated expression on his grizzled face, and my heart went out to him. I uttered a sigh of relief when Learoyd broke the nerve-straining silence by remarking lazily:

"Ah met liars an' liars in m' day, but t' biggest three Ah knew o' live right here in India: Terence Mulvaney's one an' Private Stanlee Orth'ris is t' other two."

Varsity Verse.

"AD L. MAULIUM TORQUATUM."

(Car. vii., Lib. iv.)

O leafing trees and verdant fields so long repining,
 Departed snows have given place.
 Earth's change renewed, subsiding streams, their
 banks confining,
 Glide quickly on their blithesome race.
 The white-limbed Nymphs and Graces haste, in tumult
 thronging,
 To lead the dancer's joyous way;
 Yet years forewarn: 'tis not unending; cease thy longing.
 The hours steal the charming day;
 And icy winds to zephyrs yield, and Summer spurning
 The vernal time, shall reach its end.
 Autumnal harvests gathered in, Winter, returning,
 Its sluggish way perpares to wend.

 And still the moons glide on, the seasons' wear repairing,
 And we, departed, hasten where
 Aeneas sleeps, where Tullus rest with Ancus is sharing,—
 Shadow and dust are we that linger there.
 Tell me, who can, if life's short hour on moment's flying
 Shall live to greet tomorrow's rays?
 The grasping hands of greedy heirs snatch from thee
 dying
 The destined gifts of future days.
 When once 'tis ended, blood, Torquatus, and vain
 imploring,
 Avail thee naught. The stern decree
 Of Minos made, no one can save thee. No restoring
 Affection's aid shall gain for thee.
 Hippolytus, from Pluto's might in darkness reigning,
 Diana ne'er again shall free;
 Nor Theseus e'er shall break Lethan bonds restraining
 Pirithous, eternally.

ED. M.

A SERENADE.

She came to the window above
 And my heart gave a bound at the sight.
 Ah me! 'twas my dear lady love;
 And then through the moon's mellow light
 The twang of guitar
 Sounded near, sounded far,
 As I sang to sweet Rosie that night.

I came to the end of my lay,
 And my auburn-haired maiden so true
 Peered down in a very queer way,
 And aimed at my head an old shoe.
 She thought me a cat,
 She simply said "Scat!"
 And I grabbed my guitar and I flew.

F. W. O'M.

MAUD MULLER

Maud Muller one day went to teown
 When the sun went up and the moon went deown.
 Chickens wuz layin' and eggs wuz high,
 An' she blew herself fer a pint o' rye,
 An' when she got home the sun wuz low
 An' she wondered why her head spinned so.
 Old Muller seen her, an' said: "You git,
 This drinkin' bizness, hez got to quit."

L. P. D.

The Organic Cell.

WILLIAM W. FITZPATRICK, '98.

We are lost in wonder when we gaze around us on the countless number of living things ranging from the lowly Monera to complex man; each, from a morphological standpoint, differing so greatly one from another, yet each performing so perfectly its special work in this great drama which we call Life.

In whatever manner we view life, whether out of mere curiosity or from a scientific standpoint, it is a profound mystery; and yet at the root of this perplexity stands the simple cell. What a piece of work is man, the very model of his Creator! Although a complex being, whose every organ shows the work of a skilful architect, though perfect in organization and high in the scale of life, yet he was in his beginning but an individual cell.

The biologist, with the aid of his microscope and micro-chemistry, has been able to discover the constituents of the cell; but never has succeeded nor ever will he succeed in proportioning its ingredients; since by so doing he could penetrate the mysteries of life which are known only to an Omnipotent God, and which may never be solved by man.

The history and knowledge of the cell began about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was discovered by Robert Hooke while examining a piece of cork tissue. He noticed throughout the tissue small depressions which he called cells. This name, which long usage renders familiar, has descended to the present day; but the modern scientist does not understand by the term *cell* that which it implied years ago. He considers the cell not only an inclosure or depression, containing a liquid mass concerning which little was known, but rather a structural and living mass of protoplasm surrounded by a membrane and containing a nucleus.

As to the question of size, cells may vary. Vegetable cells on the average are not more than $\frac{1}{500}$ of an inch in diameter, though in some cases they are large enough—as in the flesh of the watermelon—to be visible to the naked eye. Some, on the other hand, are so small as scarcely to be seen even with the highest powers of the microscope; such, for instance, are certain Bacteria, and there is sufficient reason to believe that there are some low organisms belonging to this group, which

no microscope yet made is powerful enough to reveal.

The primary form of cells appears to be that of a sphere, but all shapes and forms are found; they generally vary, however, according to their surroundings, and are influenced by the pressure exerted upon them. But regardless of surroundings or form, a cell to be typical must consist of three elements. First, a membrane, which is an outer covering enclosing the protoplasmic mass; this is developed by modification of the protoplasm. Secondly, Protoplasm. This may be described as a network, that consists of minute fibres, called the reticulum which possesses the power of effecting physical movement. Situated between the meshes of these fibres is a viscid, semi-fluid substance containing small granular bodies known as the encyplemma, and supposed to be endowed with the power of chemical action. Besides these constituents there may also be contained in the protoplasm—as in the case of the amœba—a contractile wamole, or, in reality, a rudimentary heart endowed with the power of contraction and dilation. By means of this movement it forces through the protoplasm the nourishment that is elaborated by the encyplemma.

The third, and by far the most important factor of the cell is the nucleus. This consists of a small tube, coiled upon itself and imbedded in a mass resembling protoplasm, all of which is surrounded by a membrane, and is situated in the cell-protoplasm. Concerning the form of this tubule, scientists disagree. Some consider that it is composed of mere granular bodies; others hold that it is a real tube; the latter explanation is the one which at the present day is generally considered to be correct. This nuclein tubule plays a most important part in the division, or in what is termed the karyokinesis of the cell. When a division is to take place, the nuclein tubule is the first to break up; this is followed by a rupture in the protoplasm, and thus the divided parts in themselves form new cells, capable of division like their progenitor.

Perhaps the best-known and easiest-studied case of karyokinesis is that of the egg of the common fowl. On close examination of the interior of the egg, a small speck or blastoderm can be noticed. This minute body constitutes the cell proper, and consists of the three essential parts, nucleus, protoplasm and cell membrane. Surrounding this cell is a quantity of albuminous matter, more commonly known

as the yolk and white, whose object is to nourish the young embryo during its foetal state.

In this egg, if it be kept at a certain temperature for a few hours, there begins a marked change. The nucleus becomes active in its preparation for division, its protoplasm begins to arrange itself in spindle-shaped forms, and the nuclein tubule slowly unwinds. After this has occurred a contraction takes place in the nuclein tubule, breaking it into small pieces; these pieces move towards the equatorial line, and arrange themselves on the spindle-shaped rods of the protoplasm.

The next important change occurs in the protoplasm of the cell itself; it disappears from around the nucleus and arranges itself in groups—known as polar astors—around the two opposite poles of the cell. The membrane surrounding the nucleus being absorbed, now disappears, and following this, the nuclein particles contract and arrange themselves in the form of lobes. After a short time, these lobes divide longitudinally into halves; one portion goes toward one pole, and arranges itself on the protoplasmic rods; the other half does the same on the opposite pole. These granular bodies, or parts of the nuclein tubule, arrange themselves in a group, and together with the polar astors, which become the protoplasm of the cell, they are surrounded by a membrane, and form a newly-made and complete cell. During these last two transitions, a septum is forming between the newly-made cells, and at last separates them entirely. The cells undergo indefinitely the same process and thus gradually form the tissues in the various organs of animals and plants.

Thus it may be seen that to study life in a proper manner, we must descend to its source—the simple cell. And if it ever be allotted to mortal man to arrive at any knowledge of life, it is clear that a complete and profound knowledge of the cell will be the key to the mysteries of a unknown region.

Upon Hearing two Bells.

FRANK MALLOY.

In years gone by, when but a child, it was one of my boyish duties to drive the cows to pasture. Memories, bright, cheerful and sunny, cling about those childhood days of mine. Those were God-given days; days filled with all the troubles akin to boyish hearts.

Let those of a reminiscent turn of mind follow me for a few moments. Come with me back to my boyhood home, and join with me in contemplating this same "driving the cows to pasture." All memories are hallowed. Time is a vast book. We fill the leaves of it day by day. Some pages are filled with darkness; others again shine forth in a blaze of glory. Come with me, then, and we will seek out a bright page.

When approaching the pasture in the evening, the tinkle of the cow-bell is the first thing we heard. How mellow and sweet it sounded! Then in those days gone by it bore no significance whatever to us. But now, the gentle tinklings arouse a picture in our minds:—the little river merrily winding its way to its ending; the pond fringed about with flags and water-lilies, in which the cattle were always to be found at noon-time, standing knee-deep in the water, lazily switching at the bothersome flies, quietly chewing their cud—a perfect picture of contentment.

Over to one side stood a small grove, the remnant of a once great forest. Under its cooling shadows we were wont to rest at dinner time when weary from work in the fields. Sprawled out lengthwise carelessly, we peeked up through the meshes in our hats, up through the leaves of the trees, and caught a sunbeam here and there, and thought of old friends dead and gone looking down at us from their home above. Oh! for the return of those days only for a moment—a moment, cruel Time:

"Make me a boy again just for today."

But those days are gone, perhaps forever, and we are brought back in an instant to the mad whirl of business, the sickening foibles of society and the general harshness of the world. Today those feelings which always animated me upon hearing a cow-bell came to me, repeated tenfold upon hearing the big bell of Notre Dame.

My mother, years ago, told me I would always remember my first impressions upon hearing this bell ring. I stood looking upward, and as that awful, grand, terrible sound rolled forth, tears came to my eyes, and I thought of the insignificance of man and the weakness of his voice as he sings praises to his Creator. Surely the music from its iron throat reached Heaven. I thought of my dear mother, now dead and gone. Did she in her heavenly home hear the big bell? Did she see her miserable sinning son here on earth? Did she hear the prayer I offered at that moment?

Books and Magazines.

—In the *Cosmopolitan* for October there is an improvement upon the usual issue. The War of the Worlds has not yet given over the battles of the Martians. It has been well said that H. G. Wells is a dreamer. Proof of the activity of his imagination can be found in the description of the Martians: "They had huge round bodies—or rather heads—about four feet in diameter, with a peculiar face in front of these. The face had no nostrils—indeed the Martians do not seem to have had any sense of smell—but it had a pair of very large, dark-colored eyes, and just beneath these a kind of fleshy beak. In the back of the body was the ear—a single tight tympanic surface. In a crescent round the mouth were sixteen slender, almost whip-like, tentacles. They did not eat, much more digest. Instead, they took the fresh living blood of other creatures and injected it into their veins." Such creatures fighting with huge, striding war-machines, are certainly imaginative enough to arouse curiosity.

Mrs. Clyde is a story that tends toward the realistic theories of Howells. Its character-study is good; but there are some expressions in it that are peculiar. "Gabriella was spilled from the dirty railway car—upon the dreary wooden platform"; "seat themselves within her visual ray"; "sandwiched her between two pianists for a song"; "He leaned against the wall and saw,"—perhaps Mr. Gordon meant 'sawed'—'sawed wood,' as the expression is now put. There are two good articles on history, and a record of the first "slip" in the building of the *Cosmopolitan* University.

—The *Rosary Magazine* for October is up to the high standard which its publishers have set for themselves. The Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly contributes a scholarly paper on St. Francis of Assisi; "Father Ryan, the Priest," the second installment of the character-sketch of the poet-priest of the South, is a deeply touching contribution. Dr. Woods continues his very interesting and instructive articles on Hawaii. In the same number is a description and history of the "Cathac of St. Columba" and an illustrated article on the Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary. A short story by Maurice Francis Egan, some valuable information concerning "The Rosary and the Holy Land," and poems by Eliza Allen Starr and Marcella Fitzgerald help to fill the present number of this sterling publication.

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PAUL J. RAGAN, '97; FRANK J. F. CONFER, '97;

FRANK E. HERING, '98; THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98;

WILLIAM SHEEHAN, '98; RAYMOND G. O'MALLEY, '98;

EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98; FRANCIS W. O'MALLEY, '99;

JOHN J. DOWD, '99; JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99;

LOUIS C. M. REED,

FRANCIS O'SHAUGHNESSEY, } Reporters.

ROY A. MURRAY,

Notre Dame's G. A. R. Post.

Notre Dame may be proud of her veterans. When the great War of the Sixties first sounded its approach in the boom of the guns that were turned upon Fort Sumter, a full quota was sent into the ranks of the battalions moving toward the scenes of the clash of arms. Very Reverend Father Sorin gave many of the priests as chaplains in the great struggle; and many of the Sisters of the Holy Cross went to the great hospitals of the wounded, and gave to them comfort and consolation, when the clouds of the smoke of battles drifted over them. Besides these were the sons of Notre Dame who fought among the foremost, many of whom lay still and cold, with their white faces turned toward the stars, when the moon looked down upon the deserted field of conflict.

For us of the younger generation all this came to pass in the twilight before the dawn of our lives. Thirty two years of peace have come and gone; we draw near the starting-post of another century. Many of those who went forth at the call of their country crimsoned the grasses and flowers of the battlefields with their life's blood; and many of those that grew gray in the peace for which they fought have been mustered out one by one.

Notre Dame still has within its walls veterans who have a share in the glory of that awful

struggle. Twelve men there are in all; and these twelve decided among themselves to join the ranks once more,—but not the ranks of war,—and organize a post which shall be entered in the book of the Grand Army of the Republic as No. 569, Department of Indiana.

The ceremony of mustering in the newly-formed body took place on Tuesday evening. The Auten Post from South Bend, with colors and flags, marched up in a body from the city, and filed into Washington Hall while the crowd waited outside the doors to be admitted into the good fellowship of the camp-fire, and to see the twelve veterans that made up the post.

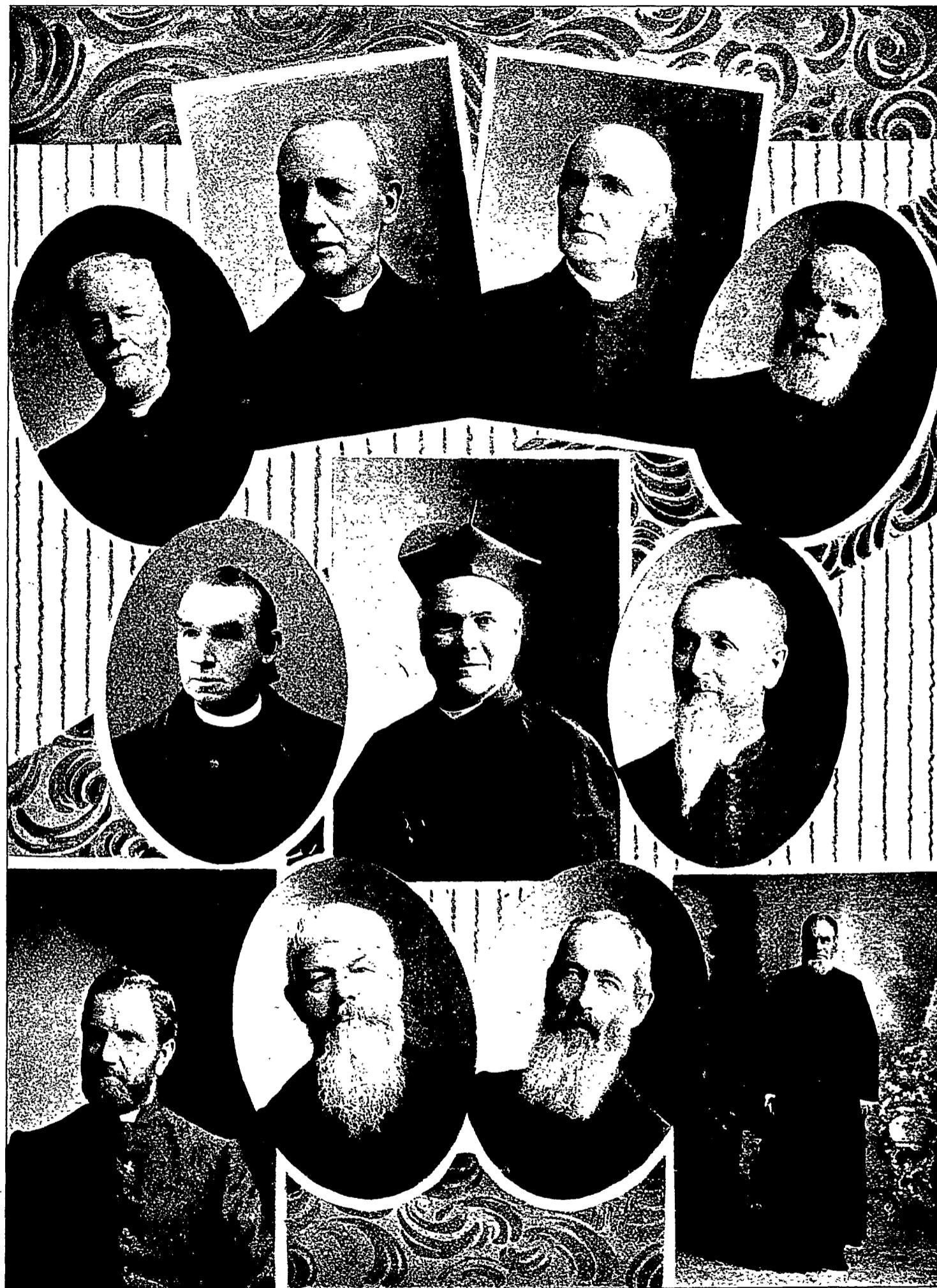
After the roll was called, the members were qualified by General Nicar of South Bend, and the officers chosen. Very Reverend Father Corby, the Chaplain of the Irish Brigade, who gave the famous absolution under fire on the field of Gettysburg, assumed the title of Commander, and the camp-fire was begun.

The University Band played the opening march while the hall was being filled; and immediately afterward all sang in chorus the National Hymn. Rev. P. Cooney, as Chaplain of the new Post, made the opening prayer:

Take, O Lord, under Thy special protection, the Grand Army of the Republic, individually and collectively. Infuse into the hearts of all its members the spirit of charity and true patriotism, that thus they may carry out the main objects of their organization—to aid one another in sickness and misfortune, and to foster the spirit of true patriotism by which love for our glorious Union and Constitution may be daily increased in the hearts of all. May the members of the Notre Dame Post be ever among the most zealous in carrying out these objects. Then may we entertain the joyous hope that on the Fourth of every successive July in the twentieth century, when our national banner is unfurled to the breeze, it may present to the eye of the beholder the same forty-five bright stars; and that the Republic itself may occupy its proper place in the political firmament—not as a star which is hidden by the light of the sun, but itself as a sun to illumine the political heavens of the Western World.—Amen.

Very Rev. W. Corby, surrounded by the Stars and Stripes that draped the stage, then gave the address of welcome to those who came to participate in the mustering in, and to those who came to take a part in the camp-fire. His words of welcome were few, as words of welcome best are.

DEAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS:—It is my pleasing duty to bid you all a hearty welcome to Notre Dame. I am very glad on this occasion to see how you have honored it by your presence, and I hope that you will enjoy this evening to your heart's content and that you will have the pleasure of attending a real camp-fire that you will remember for years. I wish you once more a thrice happy welcome to this Post and hope to see you often here.



NOTRE DAME'S G. A. R. POST, NO. 569.

(Formally mustered in October 5, 1897.)

Bro. Cosmas, C. S. C.	Bro. Leander, C. S. C.	Bro. Raphael, C. S. C.	Bro. Eustachius, C. S. C.
Rev. Peter Paul Cooney, C. S. C.	Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., Post Commander.	Mr. W. A. Olmsted, C. S. C.	
Bro. Benedict, C. S. C.	Bro. Ignatius, C. S. C.	Bro. John Chrysostom, C. S. C.	Bro. Agatho, C. S. C.

To give a touch of the spirit of old times to the evening, "Hail to the Chief" was given by the University Band, and Department Commander General James S. Dodge delivered his address, which appealed to both old and young.

COMRADES AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—Comrades of Notre Dame, permit me, as the Commander of the Department of Indiana, to welcome you into the Grand Army of the Republic. Realizing, as we do, that you are assuming duties and burdens heretofore unknown to you, by reason of your vacillation, we sincerely congratulate you upon your determination thus to identify yourself with the men with whom you stood during the war of '61. It was in the days of the trials of the Government that you among other American citizens of your country, stood shoulder to shoulder to preserve the Union.

From that time to this, through fortunes more or less propitious, you have chosen to live a mode of life that has taken you from the busy world, taken you away from your dear old comrades; and we heartily rejoice that you have resolved to come and shake hands with the old boys once more before you are called from this earth.

The organization is to be congratulated upon this auspicious occasion, in being able to welcome to its ranks men of distinguished ability; men who have seen fit to interrupt their usual avocations in order to perform the duties of the Grand Army of the Republic. It is indeed a source of gratification that we are able to welcome men of a superior intelligence; men who have devoted their lives to the education of the future citizens of our great country. It is upon the shoulders of these young men that the hope of our Republic rests. When I look at this intelligent audience, I am forced to think that this is an occasion which comes to the American citizen seldom indeed.

The men from Gettysburg, from Lookout Mountain, Buzzards' Roost, and Atlanta, come here tonight, accompanied by the men who commanded them in many a hard-fought battle, and they say to the rising generation: "The history we have made is left to be written by you." Boys, the members of the Grand Army of the Republic and these venerable gentlemen who are now members of the G. A. R., come to you with this great history that they have made, and they ask you to record it upon the pages of history truthfully. They ask you to write that the American citizens of whatever nationality, of whatever occupation in life, have fought and died that the Union might be supported and that treason might be forever wiped from the United States. We ask you to remember that the services rendered by these men, more than thirty-two years ago, did not cease with the laying down of arms. No; that great organization is still carried on, and will continue to be carried on until the last man is laid to rest. Remember that that work is the upholding of unity, the upholding of liberty, the upholding of justice, the insisting that the laws shall be enforced. It is this work of the Grand Army that the young men of our nation are expected to carry on.

Young men, these old boys that you see sitting here were, from '61 to '65, the young men of our land. They were then near the age of twenty. You look upon them tonight as old soldiers. Old indeed they are in the services of their country, in works of righteousness and loyalty, but they are not *old* soldiers. In America we know no such thing as an *old* soldier. They ceased their soldier life after the smoke of battle had cleared

away, came back to their homes and friends, and since then they have become the most honored citizens of this great Republic.

We ask you to record upon the pages of history that it was against the liberty of mankind, that the men in the Southern States fought. The cause for which they struggled they believed to be right; but it has been proven since by the great God of battles that they were wrong. The men who fought for the upholding of law, for the overthrow of human slavery, for the destruction of the auction-block and lash, and for the unity of the United States, were fighting for the right.

We ask you to record these things upon the pages of history; and I cannot better illustrate this than by a circumstance which was related to me not long ago by a comrade who is here tonight. He said that after the fall of Charleston, as he was walking through the forts near the water batteries, a man said to him that the guns looked so strong, and the place so altogether well fortified, that it seemed almost impossible to bring the ships into the harbor. He questioned Admiral Farragut on this point, but the hardy old seaman replied: "Sir, you forget that the Stars and Stripes floated at our side, and the God of Justice was upon our side."

Boys, pay close heed to your tutors. If you do it carefully, you will carry to your homes lessons of patriotism that will insure safety to our great Republic. Let me ask you to drink in and remember well what you have learned regarding the future suffrage of the great American people. I ask you to remember well the lessons of obedience that will be taught you; obedience, not to your instructors alone but to the law of the land that will be taught you here; and let me assure you that bloodshed will never follow when people are fully acquainted with those laws. Bloodshed and strife are the result of ignorance of the law.

Boys, I can only ask you in the name of the men, or in the name of the experience of the men, who were not surrounded with the blessings with which you today are surrounded, that the great institution of which you are students is not entitled to the credit of the education you are receiving except as a secondary consideration; but remember that these old men sitting here gave up their fortunes, their homes and friends that this institution might be possible. Their service made this Post possible, and therefore is the greatest.

Major-General St. Clair Mulholland of Philadelphia began the interesting and real camp-fire. In the address of Gen. Dodge the formal part of the program was finished; the remainder of the evening was given to stories of the war, and tales that amuse and at the same time make one realize that after all, these men did more than they get credit for.

General Mulholland's address was full of good humor,—just such as should be given forth at the camp-fire, when those who met long ago in times of war, now meet again in times of peace. Some of the stories cannot be written as they were told, but such as they are they are given to you. Pouring out a glass of water for himself, the General said:

DEAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS:—There is something remarkable about these Grand Army meetings

Whenever I meet a lot of old soldiers, I always get a dryness in the throat. I feel as if I would like a drink. I did not expect to see my name on the program this evening, but I came eight hundred miles to attend this meeting. I suppose I am like the Irishman who, when asked to recite or sing, said he could not recite or sing, but for the entertainment of the company he would fight any man in the crowd.

One principal object of the Grand Army is to keep alive the recollections of the war. This reminds me of another story. An old comrade went in search of the spot where he had lost his leg. He took his wife with him, and together they tramped for some miles. The old lady got very tired, and after looking around for some time the old fellow thought he had found the spot where he lost his leg. He says: "Now, Mary, this is the spot where your husband lost his leg." "Ah sure!" she said, "I wish you'd lost both of them, and then you wouldn't be dragging me around here."

Now, when I come here tonight to see you old comrades, especially Father Corby, I feel almost overcome with emotion. It puts me in mind of another story. These are all true, because I make them up myself. An Irishman was shot through the back. He would have dropped dead if he were not an Irishman. He told the doctor he was wounded. Another surgeon looked at him and said to the other doctor: "That ball must have passed through his heart." The Irishman said: "It couldn't have gone through me heart, because me heart was in me mouth."

So I feel tonight as though my heart were in my mouth, when I come here to visit this remarkably patriotic college. Many of you went to the war for certain reasons. I will tell you about another Irishman. On our march to St. Petersburg I came upon two Irishmen who were enjoying a chat. I had nothing else to do and listened to their conversation. One of the Irishmen said: "Barney, I don't know what the devil brought ye here. I knew ye in New York when ye were in the grocery business and doin' first rate. Why ye came out here I *don't* know." "Why," said he, "Mike, I'll tell ye why I came here. I am a married man and came to war to have peace." Why the members of this Post went to war I don't know. They certainly had no such reason as that. They must have gone purely on patriotic grounds.

We are here tonight to enjoy the recollection of that war; and as we sit here more than ten thousand old soldiers are sitting as we are sitting calling to mind reminiscences of the war and doing acts of greatest charity. This is a noble work the Grand Army of the Republic is employed in. The fraternity of it lasts all through life among comrades, and it does not cease even at the grave. Today the members of the Grand Army gather around and offer praises on Memorial Day as did the Maccabees of long ago. Our Memorial Day is very ancient.

Last night and tonight and during the coming six weeks more than ten thousand will assemble to put in practice the three great principles of our order—fraternity, charity and loyalty.

The Maccabees stood on the battlefield and offered prayers to the God of battles that He might preserve the brave soldiers that went out on the battlefield. The oration of Pericles is appropriate to the present day. I remember on one occasion I was called upon to deliver an oration on a day of this kind before a body of Grand Army men. Instead of writing an oration I took that speech of Pericles, delivered twenty-three hundred years

ago, as my oration, and every word and line was applicable to the conditions of the present day. None of the Post recognized that the oration was not my own until I told them about it. That great orator concluded his oration: "Citizens of Athens, we have not paid the duty due to the dead men who fell in the defense of the republic by strewing their graves with offerings; but the duty will be paid only when we educate the children and maintain the widows of these men at the expense of the state." Thank God, that our country takes that part, and educates the children at the expense of the State just as Pericles said Greece should do two thousand years ago.

When I came to Notre Dame yesterday, the first object that greeted my eyes as I came along the road was the glorious Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze. I rejoiced, for I knew that I was coming to an institution not only of education but also of loyalty.

It is indeed a great thing that we have this Army Post in this great University. This scene will be remembered after we have passed away and for centuries to come. The young men who will be educated here in time to come will read about this meeting and the seeds that we have planted here tonight will grow and ripen long after we are gone, and their influence will be great upon the young men who may come here. This is the proper place to teach loyalty and freedom, for when morality and religion shall cease to exist, it will be impossible for liberty to exist in this land.

I am very glad to be here. I want to tell you about another Irishman and then I will sit down. I was told this during the winter of '62 and '63, and a very severe winter it was. Many soldiers died from the effects of exposure and want. I was told that a man was dying and that the chaplain attended constantly at his bedside waiting for the supreme moment. Becoming very sleepy the chaplain called an Irish nurse to watch over the sick man, and gave instructions to let him know when Jimmie would die. The chaplain slept soundly all night. When he woke up the next morning, the first thing he did was to run to the bedside of the sick man, but when he got there he saw a sheet over the face of the man. The nurse was still sitting by the bedside: "Did I not tell you to let me know when Jimmie would die?" said the chaplain. The Irish nurse replied: "Well, you couldn't keep him alive could you? I consoled him during his dying moments. About two o'clock this morning I went to Jimmie, and said: 'Are you dying?' Jimmie said 'yes.' 'You are going to hell, Jimmie,' said I. Jimmie said 'I guess I am.' I said 'you ought to be glad that you have some place to go to when you die.'"

In conclusion I must say from my heart, I am glad to be with you this evening, to join with you in giving all the members of this Post a hearty welcome to the Grand Army of the Republic. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Mr. F. X. Carmody recited in a clever way a touching incident of the war-time. Mr. Buckley, of the veterans, not to be outdone by the young, sang a song that was often heard around the camp-fires, and gave a recitation that gladdened the hearts of his comrades.

All arose again and sang in chorus the "Red White and Blue," after which came the reading of regrets, by Adjutant Olmsted, of all those who were unable to be present at the camp-fire. Notre Dame's Post has many friends,—many

that would have come, had it been possible, to congratulate the twelve veterans, and grasp the hands of those with whom they fought thirty-two years ago.

Very Rev. President Morrissey was too young to have shouldered a musket when the call for troops was issued; but in spirit he was one of the veterans, as was everyone present. As he said in his address, everyone at Notre Dame was proud of its war-record, and rightly so. Should such a time again come to pass, many would willingly march forth again and do battle for God and for country. The President said in part:

When I was notified this morning by one of the Charter Members of the new Post that my name was on the program for an address this evening, I was, I must confess, very much surprised, and I remonstrated with the gentleman on the plea that there was no appropriateness in calling upon me as I could not very well lay claim to any participation in the memorable deeds of the early '60's.

The only reason that I can give for my name appearing on the program is that I represent a large portion of those who have gathered here to participate in the festivities of the evening, and as their representative I am glad to have an opportunity of giving expression to the great pleasure which both the Faculty and the students of the University feel in having established at Notre Dame a branch of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The organization of a Post here emphasizes a very important point, one which should have the place of honor in the curriculum of every American educational institution and without which any curriculum must necessarily be incomplete:—loyalty to the fundamental principles upon which rests the fabric of our glorious Constitution.

You are as familiar as I am with the principles for which so many of our fellow-citizens fought and died on the various battlefields of our country, and as the children of those gallant men who went forth into the very jaws of death to fight for the preservation of a perfect union and a perfect equality, we can share in their glory by the cultivation of these noble qualities of head and heart that will render secure forever the foundation-stones of this grand and colossal Republic that has been built by the strong arms and willing hearts of those whose representatives we are glad to greet in this Hall tonight.

We, who today compose the active body of this great Institution, can point with pleasure and with pride to those who have preceded us, and we can most fittingly join with them tonight in giving public testimony to the patriotic spirit that has always characterized the sons of Notre Dame. Their record of devotedness to the country's interests make possible this function tonight, and I feel assured that every student of the University who is present will draw from these exercises the lessons of true patriotism that will be an inspiration to him in time to come to do his duty as the privileged son of a privileged land.

We may not be called upon to risk our lives in our efforts to maintain intact the inalienable rights which belong to every true American citizen, but we can do our share in perpetuating them by loyalty to conscience and duty under all circumstances. By honesty, integrity

and strict adherence to the dictates of our consciences we may all one day enjoy the privilege of being ranked among those who have aided in making America what She is today and what we hope She will always be—the grandest nation on God's footstool.

Gen. Nicar of South Bend, who mustered in the Post, paid a tribute to the sons of Notre Dame in his address. The University was then a midget compared to what it is now; it lacked the comforts we have and the advantages; but it did not lack the patriotism. The sympathy of those that could not go were with those who marched away to the South. This story of Gen. Nicar's is especially interesting to us who came long after the event happened.

I am prepared to interpose a "kick" upon being called a general, especially when there is a real general in the house. I see I am down on the program for an address, but I am sure you will pardon me if I give you a short reminiscence, and let it go at that. In the year 1860 and the early spring of sixty-one, there was a military company at this University. It was called the Notre Dame Cadets and was commanded by a Captain Lynch. It was thoroughly drilled and disciplined, and every man was a soldier. I remember how I used to admire them as they marched through the streets of South Bend under command of their stalwart young captain.

Well, when Sumter was fired upon on the twelfth of April, 1861, and when on the 17th, Lincoln's call for 75,000 troops was issued, the citizens of South Bend met in the court-house to take action upon the questions before the country. Among the members of the meeting were Schuyler Colfax, Andrew Anderson and others. Partisanship was lost in patriotism. There were speeches by this one and that one, all of the same trend, all counselling moderation.

The last man to speak was this same Captain Lynch. He was a tall, soldierly looking young man, and as soon as he uttered his first word he had the attention of all. As he spoke he became enthusiastic, and denounced in most bitter terms the secessionists. He concluded his speech by saying that he would go into the army and shed the last drop of his blood for the defense of the Union.

The ringing words of this young man brought every man to his feet. Cheers upon cheers rent the air, and a Volunteer company afterwards known as Company 1st, Indiana Regiment, was immediately formed.

Captain Lynch went into the service in our neighboring state of Illinois and became a colonel. He was in Mulligan's Irish Brigade at the battle of Lexington, was wounded and died. He gave his life for his country. I recall the names of three other Notre Dame men whose bravery helped to preserve the Union. They were Patrick Calligan, Patrick Burke and Peter Clotter. I will cite an incident just to show you the bravery and patriotism of these men of Notre Dame. In the first day's fight at Murfreesboro we were not driven from our position any time during the day. When night came we occupied a more advanced position. The next day, a shell exploded, cutting my horse very severely and bruising my ankle. I jumped from the animal's back and limped around a little; but as soon as I found out I was not dead, I became more composed.

A little while after that, the regiment was ordered into a cotton field. As my horse was badly wounded I began

limping around to see if I could not dispose of him. I chanced to run across Peter Clotter. He had been wounded in the ankle. I gave him my horse to take care of, and we went forward into the field and lay concealed. The rebel line under General Dan Adams of the Mississippi Brigade, company, officers and field officers, all in line, advanced toward us. They were obliged to cross a railroad. It was rather a deep cut and destroyed their formation somewhat. We rose up, gave them a volley, and were then given orders to charge with bayonets. The enemy became confused and retreated. I saw Peter in line, and immediately after the conflict I asked him what he had done with my horse. He said: "I saw the rebels coming and heard you fellows firing, and I tied the horse to a tree and here I am."

Colonel Hoynes stated that, on account of the lateness of the hour, it would be unpardonable to deliver a formal address, or trespass more than a few minutes upon the attention and time of the house. He illustrated the situation in which he found himself, under these circumstances, by relating some very humorous and pertinent war incidents, which greatly amused the audience. The charitable aims and patriotic purposes of the great soldier organization, so cordially approved at Notre Dame, were then briefly explained. "It was not surprising," he said, "that those who carried and protected the Nation's flag in the fiery front of war should be welded together in fraternity and loyalty." He spoke as follows in describing the hardships, privations and dangers that, as comrades in arms, they had shared together when the great civil war brooded over the land:

"Under the burning sun of summer, under the rains of spring and autumn, in the frost and snow of winter, on the weary march by day and night; along dusty roads, through deep mud, across rapid and unbridged torrents; forced at times to subsist on parched corn, or whatever might come to hand, in those trying days of want and hunger; in the silent bivouac by muddy stream or sluggish river; sleeping in all seasons on the bare ground, and often lying out under the stormy firmament, unsheltered from rain or snow; on picket, in the rifle-pit, on guard duty, in the skirmish-line, and in the fiery charge, the wasting carnage and the accumulated horrors of battle; mixed together in the smoke and fire of conflict, with cannons roaring and shells exploding all over the field, like the flashing and crashing of a thousand thunderbolts; withering rapidly away under the rolling fire of small arms, as regiments, brigades and divisions meet in the shock of battle; listening to the startling notes of a hundred bugles directing forward movements or changes in the alignments; hearing the exclamations and cries of pain and distress of wounded and dying comrades; moving on blood-stained ground across the forms of prostrate men and over the *débris* of battle; bodies of troops falling back, shattered and exhausted, and regiments, brigades and batteries pressing forward to maintain the lines, and quickly disappearing in the fire and smoke hanging over the scene of action—and thus and amid such scenes marched, suffered, fought and bled the 'boys in blue' of the war period. With what signal

bravery they fought, with what heroic courage they persisted through years of war, with what sublime fortitude they died! The Government very properly set apart national cemeteries for the reception of the remains of the gallant men who died for the Union, and there they lie, near the fields where they fell. Though their bones molder into dust, yet the remembrance of their valor and how they wrought for liberty and country cannot perish or become obscured, for

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

After Col. Hoynes had finished and the people had gone out into the night, the soldiers of the Grand Army continued to tell stories over a lunch; and when they departed they took with them as souvenirs the tin cups that were used as a memory of the days when hard-tack was the dainty of their meals in camp and tin-cups were a luxury. In a little while it was all over. The veteran guests trooped away under the stars, and Notre Dame lapsed into its accustomed quiet.

Exchanges.

—*The Tamarack*, published by the students of Detroit College, comes to us in a new dress that is as attractive and breezy as the proverbial summer-girl. The SCHOLASTIC wishes to congratulate this lusty Michigan youngster for the rapid progress it has made during the short time it has been on earth. Its aims are high, and although it does not hit the bull's-eye every time, still it never misses the target altogether. We should suggest that the contributors try to make more of their compositions than they do. Many of the articles contain excellent material, but it is not developed as much as it should be. Taken as a whole, however, *The Tamarack* is a very creditable college magazine, and one of which its editors might well feel proud.

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The October number of the *Musical Record* shows that the Oliver Ditson Company's publication is improving steadily. We are pleased to note that Mr. Hale has secured the services of the three well-known musical critics, Mr. John F. Runciman of London, Mr. William J. Henderson of New York, and Mr. William Armstrong of Chicago. For both professionals and amateurs in the world of music the *Record* is invaluable; for besides the excellence of the musical criticisms and notes there are four or five compositions by noted composers published in the issue.

Our Friends.

—Dr. Matthew J. Smith and Miss Angela, his sister, of Jersey City, N. J., visited friends at Notre Dame during the week. The Doctor says that nowhere has he seen, either in the East or in Europe, college buildings that compare in size, arrangement, availability and attractiveness with those at Notre Dame.

—Notre Dame was favored with a visit during the summer from Mr. Thomas F. Gallagher, of Fitchburg, Mass., who graduated in the Classical Course in '76, and succeeded in carrying off the Quan Medal. Mr. Gallagher found our College rather deserted at the time of his visit, but there were still many here to make his visit pleasant.

—There is a new sign-board swinging in the breezes that play about Schenectady, N. Y. The legend on it runs: "H. J. Fagan & Son, Real Estate." The "son" is Mr. William A. Fagan, '97, better known at Notre Dame as "Bones." The SCHOLASTIC wishes him the same success in business that he had in class-work and athletics while at Notre Dame.

—The pleasant news comes from the West Point Military Academy that Mr. John B. Murphy, '96, has passed all of his entrance examinations successfully, and that he is now a full-fledged "plebe." Cadet Murphy stands second in his class, and as he is but one-tenth of a point behind the leader we have no doubt that he will be "on top" before many weeks.

—Mr. Richard S. Slevin, '96, who entered the University of Louvain a year ago, passed a very successful examination at the end of the year. This is doing remarkably well for one that started in knowing nothing of French. It was not unexpected by his friends at Notre Dame, however; for he is simply continuing the success that marked his career while here.

—At the last annual meeting of the American Republican College League, held in the Russell House parlors, Detroit, Mr. F. H. Wurzer of Sorin Hall was elected secretary for the ensuing year. As the League is composed of thousands of members—representatives of all the larger colleges—Notre Dame feels honored that one of her students should be elected to such an important office.

—Twenty-five years have elapsed since Mr. Frank P. Leffingwell left the halls of Notre Dame. He is now a prominent member of the Chicago Bar, and his visit was the first since his school days. The old college that he knew in '71-'2-'3 was reduced to ashes years ago. The beautiful Church of the Sacred Heart was then just completed, and its bare, white walls were yet to feel the touch of Gregori's brush, who came to Notre Dame the year of Mr. Leffingwell's departure. His son Charles W. has entered as a student this year.

Local Items.

—Basket-ball still continues to flourish in Carroll Hall.

—Carroll Hall Campus is dotted with football teams earnestly practising every rec.

—The "Cannibals" of Carroll Hall defeated a Brownson Hall team on Wednesday last by a score of 6 to 0.

—Pat doesn't mind hustling hose, but he doesn't want any interference when he is carrying water upstairs.

—"Klondike Willie," "Chilkoot Tom" and "Yukon Heine," are some of the choice titles given distinguished Brownsonites.

—The members of the different boat crews are practising hard for the fall races. Much interest will be centred in the event.

—"Shag" still clings to that old corn-cob pipe. He has had it repaired and remodeled, and says it will see the season through.

—Silent Pete is stirring up considerably these days. He was recently seen running upstairs and yesterday took a tandem ride.

—The Carroll Specials played a practise game with a scrub team, captained by Pulford, Sunday afternoon. The result was a decisive victory for the Specials.

—Mops and brooms seem to be the latest in the way of decoration to the front entrance of Brownson dining-hall. This novelty may be a matter of convenience, but it is decidedly out of place.

—Out of the land of mystery comes the voice of the prophet saying that on some unknown day three beautiful light top-coats will be drenched by a waterfall even as though they had been thrown into the sea.

—Much interest is centred in the murder trial now before the Moot-court. Eggeman is the man accused of the crime, and he stands a fair show of receiving capital punishment. The best we can do for the prisoner is to hope the rope won't break.

—The other day Frank O'Malley emerged from his room looking as if he had had an encounter with some frightful demon. His eyes were as big as saucers and his hair was on end. When asked as to his condition, he replied that he was all right; had just been reading the adventures of Tiberius Morgan. That's all.

—The Orpheus Club will soon be organized for the coming year. Those that have an ear for music, and those that wish to cultivate a taste for it and participate in the college glees, should join at once. Some time during the year Professor Preston, the director, will put an operetta on the stage, if the membership be large enough.

—The trainer has recommended the use of the mustache for football players. Schillo, Mullen and Fleming each have one well under

way. The other players are making preparations, with the exception of Daly. He says he must obtain the consent of a dear friend before he can take so great step. He has written for permission.

—If Doctor Austin O'Malley were to respond to all the calls made for his services he would be a very busy man. The Chicago *Record* has invited him to contribute a series of articles on literature to its "Home Study Circle," and we observe that he is announced to read a paper before the Civic Philanthropic Conference at Battle Creek, Michigan, next week. The subject of Dr. O'Malley's paper is "The Prevention of Contagious Diseases in Cities."

—Pete Follen, brought one of the Varsity baseball pictures home with him last summer, and a young lady to whom he was showing it became deeply interested in so large a group of good-looking men. Peter disclaimed all credit of helping to win the games, but after considerable delicate persuasion, to which was added the entreaty of two lovely brown eyes, he blushingly told her how he had run into the fence that was in his way and broke two boards with his head in making a catch in a game at Chicago. "And you broke the boards with your head!" she exclaimed. "Oh! wasn't that lovely. How few men would have thought of breaking them that way."

—Frank says he does not claim the right to wear a monogram for athletic services. What he has done in that line has been given gratuitously for the glory of his *Alma Mater*, and incidentally to get "a drag" with the fellows. The monogram is worn for a purpose, as he informed one of his friends confidentially—to cover a hole in his sweater. It appears that Mr. Frank, who is an intense society man, was informed by a young lady of the monogram fad, and to be in vogue he began the collection of them. There happened to be a little hole in his sweater about the size of a dinner plate, and he thought it would be a good idea to paste the monogram on and save the garment. His ingenuity is commendable, and it is hoped that additional holes will be covered the same way, just for the novelty of it.

—Chief Boru is no longer with us, and "Buck" Murphy, our famous tackle, is now coaching the West Point team, yet the Sister Mary's play with the same old vim of former years. Last Thursday coach Landers selected an eleven out of the large number of candidates, and lined them up against Saint Joseph's Hall team for the first game of the year. Flying wedges and bricks, tandem plays, cuss-words, long passes and drop kicks were used with wonderful effect. The first half of the game lasted an hour and a half, and the play was extremely vicious. The heavy backs crashed into the line like thunderbolts, and frequently trainer Mott was called on the field

to replace a head that had been knocked off, or to fasten up Murphy's trousers. The new tackle distinguished himself by getting the wrong man every time, and the centre-rush frequently snapped the ball over quarter-back's head. At the end of the half the score was 6-0 in favor of the S. M's. In the second half, St. Joseph's Hall objected to Regan on the ground that he was a professional player, and as the management of the S. M's would not release him, they withdrew from the field. Late that night manager McKenzie announced that the team would meet the Carlisle Indians next Thursday. In order to get the men in good condition Albertus Magruder will appear in his new sweater as assistant coach.

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE ST. CECILIANS held their second meeting Wednesday evening, when the remaining officers were elected. The full list is as follows: Honorary President, Rev. A. Morrissey; Musical Director, Prof. N. A. Preston; Dramatic Instructor, Prof. F. X. Carmody; Promoter, Bro. Alexander; President, Rev. J. J. French; Vice-President, T. J. Murray; 2d Vice-President, W. Shea; Recording Secretary, Roy A. Murray; Corresponding Secretary, C. N. Girsch; Treasurer, A. Becker; Historian, W. Dinnen; Censor, C. H. Pulford; Sergeant-at-Arms, P. M. Kuntz. The program was very well rendered. Mr. Dinnen related the adventures of "Little Ah Cid" in an amusing manner; T. Condon recited "The Turk's Last Dream"; C. H. Pulford read "Our Guides," and Roy A. Murray entertained the members with an essay on "Bald Heads." Messrs. Slevin and A. Schmidt were elected to membership.

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY met for reorganization for the session of '97 on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 7, with the President, Rev. J. J. French, in the chair. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Prof. Carmody; First Vice-President, W. W. O'Brien; Second Vice-President, Michael T. Daly; Recording Sec'y, Thomas J. Dooley; Corresponding Secretary, Joseph Touhy; Treasurer, George Wilson; Critic, J. Crowley; Sergeant-at-Arms, Francis McNichols. The following gentlemen volunteered to entertain the society at its next regular meeting: W. W. O'Brien, M. T. Daly, Joseph Touhy, and Mr. Wolverton. The following debates was arranged for the regular meeting to be held Oct. 21: Resolved, "That, Hawaii should be annexed to the United States." Messrs. Duperier and Crumley will uphold the affirmative, and will be opposed by Messrs. Ensign and Finck. After the election of officers the Rev. President introduced Prof. Carmody who is to take charge of the Columbians. He made a very eloquent inaugural speech as to the honor bestowed upon him as President. After his interesting remarks, adjournment took place.

THE LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—Last Saturday night the society discussed the question, "Resolved: That labor unions are promotive of the welfare of the workingman." Messrs. Niezer and Duperier upheld the affirmative in an able and interesting manner, and Wurzer and Eggerman fought bravely and well for the negative. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. At the meeting tonight, the question is: "Resolved, That public policy demands the annexation of Hawaii." Messrs. Barry, Crowley, Brucker and Burns will be the principal disputants. A great number of Law students are availing themselves of the opportunities for improvement in public speaking.

—Last week Father Burns took some of the Sorin Hall boys to the county fair. The party went on bicycles. Those who hadn't wheels of their own borrowed them. Most of the wheels were borrowed. A few stopped on the way to get soda-water. Great sights were seen. Haley had his doubts about the speed of a horse, but a close observation through a microscope showed that the "critter" was moving. Then Minge tickled a Reuben under the chin, and now eats his meals standing. Sir William bucked the Hyronemus, and won eighteen cents. The boys patted him on the back, and he spent seven. Grady saw a capper win \$150 on the fortune wheel and attempted to do likewise. He will borrow tobacco the rest of the year. Rowan weighed himself (one cent). Fitzpatrick tried to get a plug of Piper Heidsick off the top of a greased pole. Later he told the boys he didn't chew. Piquette watched a man selling red lemonade. Murphy looked at a side-show bill-board. John Byrne ran past the Hootchie-Kootchie tent. Dukette tried to stand in with the man who sold soda-pop. He sprang a pun and was carried home in an ambulance. Mott and Corby shook for the rootbeer. Corby lost and then said the dice were loaded. Niezer put Eggerman and Col. McKenzie in a tent and made \$2.50 on the attraction. He had to pay \$15.00 for the privilege. Duane saw a shell game. He put up his coin, lost and is still looking for the mysterious bean. Geoghegan lost all he had. Some one even snatched his little red hat. Landers put in all his time looking at pumpkins. Krauss set a straw stack on fire. He is still in jail. Some one tapped Medley on the back. He turned around to see who it was, and in the meantime somebody else relieved him of his watch. An unknown man kindly offered to adjust Kegler's necktie. When the stranger left Kegler missed his scarf pin. The laugh was on the stranger. McCarrick, Confer and Brown pooled their interests, and bought a bag of buttered popcorn. Poolskamp carried home a gold brick. Dowd was swiped bodily as an attraction for the beauty show. At this juncture Father Burns thought it time to go home. They went.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Atherton, Arce, Brown, Brucker, Byrne, Carney, Campbell, Confer, Cornell, Dukette, Duane, Dowd, Delaney, Duffy, Daley, Eyanson, Eggermann, Falvey, Fennessey, Foulks, Grady, Gibson, Geoghegan, Haley, Hesse, Hartung, Kegler, Kearney, Landers, Magruder, Minge, Morris, McDonough, Medley, McKenzie, McCormack, McGinnis, W. Murphy, J. Murphy, Meyers, Meyer, McConn, Mullen, McCarrick, Niezer, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, Piquette, Poolskamp, Powers, Rowan, Reed, Steiner, Sheehan, Spaulding, Weadock, Wurzer, Welker, Walsh, Wise.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Adams, Armijo, Bommersbach, Burns, Babb, H. Barry, Blish, Bohner, J. Bouza, F. Bouza, W. Berry, J. Berry, Berg, Burke, Bowens, Baloun, R. Barry, Bourns, Collins, Callahan, Crowley, Cavanaugh, Condon, Cypher, Crunican, Conway, Corby, Crawford, Crumley, T. Dwyer, Donahoe, Dooley, Delaney, Dalton, Donovan, V. Dwyer, Drejer, Devine, F. Dillon, Darst, Davies, Dellone, Daly, J. Dillon, Doherty, Desmond, Ensign, Farragher, Farley, Fetherstone, Fitzwilliam, Foster, Franey, Fleming, M. Flannigan, C. Flannigan, Funk, Follen, Fox, Foley, Guerra, Glynn, Glasheen, Guilfoyle, Gainer, C. Garza, R. Garza, Gilbert, Herbert, Harrington, Hubbard, Healy, Hoover, Heinemann, Hagerty, Holahan, C. Hunter, P. Hunter, D. Hunter, S. Hunter, Hayes, Howell, Hermann, Hesse, Heffelfinger, Jennings, Kangley, Kehoe, Kellner, Kuppler, Klein, Koehler, Kasper, Lins, Lampert, Longan, McKenny, McCallen, McKenzie, McNichols, McDonald, McCollum, Merz, Metcalf, Mulcrone, Monahan, Moorehead, Murray, Newell, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, Powell, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Reilly, O'Connor, O'Sullivan, Pickett, Pendleton, Pim, Rosselins, J. Ryan, F. Ryan, Reuss, Reed, Reising, Revels, Swonk, Simpson, Scheubert, Sullivan, Shiels, J. Sanford, Sherman, St. Louis, Sauer, Stuhlfauth, Schwartz, Schermerhorn, Scott, Spalding, B. Sanford, Tomlison, J. Taylor, Thams, Vogt, Van Hee, R. Wilson, Waterson, Walters, F. Ward, Wynn, Wheeler, J. Ward, M. Wilson, G. Wilson, Wagenmann, W. Ward, Wells, Lieb, Domingues.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Block, Britt, H. Brown, F. Brown, Brann, Barrett, L. Beardslee, G. Beardslee, Bligh, Becker, Bellinger, Berger, Buck, Clement, Crowley, Clyne, Curtis, Carney, Condon A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Duggan, Davidson, Dinnen, Dousett, Edgerton, Ellwanger, Elitch Fink, Furlong, Ferstl, Frank, Freedman, Girsch, N. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gibbons, Hinze, Hickman, Hickey, Hogan, Hunter, Hoban, Hubbell, Joyce, Juretich, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, F. Kasper, R. Kasper, G. Kasper, Krug, Kirkland, Kelly, Luken, Land, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, Michels, Morgan, Moxley, Mooney, A. Mueller, W. Mueller, R. Murray, T. Murray, Maher, Morrissey, Meagher, McFarland, McConnell, McDonnell, McMahon, E. McCarthy, T. McCarthy, McSorley, McNichols, Ordetx, O'Malley, O'Brien, Petritz, Padden, Pulford, Phillips, Page, Putnam, Quinlan, Ryan, Richon, Staples, Smith, Stengel, Slevin, Shea, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Schmitt, Schoonover, Spillard, Scheftels, Ward, St. Clair, Wheelock, Weidmann, Werk, Welch, Wellman.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Arnold, Bosworth, P. Bortell, C. Bortell, T. Butler, W. Butler, Bernero, Blanchfield, Clark, Cressy, Casparis, Davis, Dessauer, Dougherty, Donahoe, Dyer, Downer, Ervin, F. Ebbert, G. Ebbert, Frost, Fleischer, Fleming, J. Fogerty, F. Fogerty, A. Fuchs, C. Fuchs, Fraim, Griffith, Guilbault, Hall, L. Hart, J. Hart, Hinsey, Huleatt, Houser, Jonquet, T. Jackson, G. Jackson, Kelly, W. Kelner, O. Kelner, Lawton, Leclerque, Lockwood, McCarthy, J. McBride, Willie McBride, A. McFarland, C. McFarland, J. McGeehey, E. McGeehey, L. McBride, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, M. McMahon, B. McMaster, R. McMaster, E. Manion, P. Manion, F. Phillip, G. Phillip, Paul, Robbins, Strong, Sinnott, St. Clare, Seymour, Schonlan, Shields, Trentman, Topper, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, Veneziani, Wigg, Weber, Wilde, Williams.